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VANITY FAIR

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

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THE HOUR OF SORROW.

Are the dark and bitter days falling upon us?

Is it true that the Wise Men of Europe who cast the horoscope of our country, and limited our united life to fifty years, erred only by a few figures, and that the century will remain unaccomplished?

Brother and brother—ye went hand in hand with pride through the agony of that early struggle which set ye free. The deaths of your children were mourned without sorrow, for they were glorious. When the battle was over ye loved. The love lasted for long years.

Can there be no friendship now? No pledges given or taken? Is there a limit to the claim of a Brother?

"Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times.

"Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee: Until seven times: but, until seventy times seven."

In the long chronicle of humanity from its earliest morning tide—along the whole wild stream of history, the greatest, most glorious promise ever held out to suffering man has been the development of the American Republic.

Wherever Man has suffered in this age he has turned to our Union as to gleam of coming day in a dungeon. Over the wide world wherever the tyrant has crushed God's noblest work into degradation, the sufferer has borne the bitter woe, looking meanwhile with hope towards "America!"

Is the promise all a lie?

Will the tyrants as of old in the days of their brute-god-hood smile to see the fair fabric fall, and grimly laugh: "it is another Delusion gone." Is Eternal Sorrow, Eternal Suffering for the masses, the one great truth? Is Progress a lie, and a happy future on earth a sham?

It cannot be. In Nature nothing suffers in vain.

Truth prevails in the end, and Fate triumphs over Time. Come when it may, the Brother will turn again to the Brother, and the Son to the Father, after the dark and bitter day shall have passed.

"And when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled; for *such things* must needs be; but the end *shall* not *be* yet."

All will be remembered only as the storm and agony of a winter's night—long, long ago.

And they will Love—and all will be calm.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN! the votes of millions of thy friends
Have placed thee at the helm, to steer this Ship,
This mighty Ship of States, through calm and storm,
And from its perilous voyage bring it safe,
To be returned to them who gave it thee.
Dost know how fearful is the post thou hold'st?
Oh! can'st thou with a steady eye and hand
Stand firmly and swerve not, when comes the shock
Of wave quick meeting, wave, for meet they must—
And thy great ship is tost and torn, as when
A leaflet passes on a summer gale?
Can'st tutor well thy crew that all obey
And suffer Thee to lead; that when the storm
Shall break in fury on thy noble Ship,
They'll look to thee and see that thou art bold,
That thou art prudent, and that no rash act
Of thine will jeopardize their precious lives?
And when the storm is past, and calm, once more,
Shall mirror sunshine and cerulean skies,
Oh! may they say: "most noble man, to thee
Is due all praise, the storm is o'er, and now,
Our Ship is safe, the sun shines brightly down,
And everything betokens peace and joy."

"Curiosities of Natural History."

The greatest thing of the season in the way of a freak of nature is a crow discovered by the man of the *Tribune* who wrote "from the home of Mr. LINCOLN," in a late number of that paper. He says:

"Upon this Mr. LINCOLN for the first and only time departed from his composure, and manifested his pleasure by a sudden exuberant utterance—*neither a cheer nor a crow*, but something partaking of the nature of each."

"Call you this backing your friends," O *Tribune*? We thought your aim now should have been to put an extra polish upon the President elect, instead of which you thus command him to the people in the character of a Hybrid rather than a High-bred man.

GO IN LEMONS!

SILE et philosophus esto!

The Boston Saturday *Express* has done it. It has distinctly gone and Done It. It has aspired to climb over VANITY FAIR, and has naturally met with the fate which the wisdom of all ages ascribes to ambitious Monkies. In short it has made a Fool of Itself on the largest possible pattern and in extensive quantities. And its Folly is so copiously mingled with that darker variety of Blackguardism known as Contemptible Misrepresentation that we really cannot say which predominates. It is like its own nasty and favorite dish, "most all pork and plenty of beans."

It is pretty well known to the intelligent world that certain jokes are so intensely worn, that to attribute them to any one is to impress upon that One the stamp of verdancy or impudence.

Thus *Punch* some years ago had no end of fun out of a contemporary which ventured to republish that intensely pre-Adamite fossil of Champagne and Real Pain.

And thus VANITY FAIR, desirous of a little cheerful chaff with JOHN B. GOUGH, quoted from that Apostle one of the very last resources of the circus-clown, one of the rejected by almanac-makers, one of the stalest and commonest of puns—the tritest of all facetious triturations known—in short just such a joke as a miserable one horse, Boston, "moral family," bark-mill newspaper is accustomed to cram its columns with. And in doing this VANITY FAIR put above the fossil the following:

JOKE BY JOHN B. GOUGH
(and just his style.)

Now one would think that anything one degree above idiocy—or even the Boston *Express*—would have "seen" the above. But there was something worse than idiocy in the spirit with which our Contemp—orary goes to work. Read:

"VANITY FAIR" is very sensitive upon the subject of "credit"—but VANITY FAIR has been in the habit of publishing old jokes ever since its first issue. In Nov. 3d it prints—

Q. What were the "slings of outrageous fortune" mentioned in HAMLET?

A. Gin-slings of course.

That was done in the "Auburn Papers," a series of sketches published in the Syracuse *Courier* nearly two years since. We could point out other "plunder," but it is of too little consequence.

Nearly two years since—you Animal! "In the Auburn papers!" *Twenty* years since you mean, in all the old almanacs and one-horse *Expresses* in the country. Oh you're a nice, decent specimen. Don't like our copyrighting our paper and wanting credit! 'Spect not. Don't you wish there weren't any fire proof safes? Nor Police? Or Juries? Just suit a paper that lives by [illegible]ssors.

But tell us if you please, you quintessence of Low Cunning, and of Dirty Trickery, why you left out that reference to GOUGH—"and just his style?" Let us hear. Are you only a Fool, oh *Express*—or do you prefer (as the Vulgar of your kind generally do,) to be considered a Knave? With which boot-toe are you most familiar.

Now it is certainly within the range of possibly that VANITY FAIR—or any other man—*may* be, and sometimes is, stuck by some starveling, scissoring thief, with an old joke. People who make a business of collecting such trash for their own use, often try to sell it and others with it. But VANITY FAIR does not see why despite all this it should not claim credit for original copyright articles for which it pays liberally. And this is the point to which we would turn—for to give an article *entirely* to so small an insect as the *Express* is not the thing. We claim credit where it is due, and no honest respectable journal will mistake the nature of our claim, or dispute its justice, or refuse to do by us as we would do by them. Just so!

A Feather will show how the Wind doth blow.

When a man feels Down about himself, look out for Cock-tails.

DIARY OF A TOBACCO SMOKER.

EADER—are you a smoker? If so, let the following harrow, etc., your etc. We know the Victim!

October 17th.—"Of the Em-py-reu-mat-ic Oil of Tobacco one or two drops will kill a cat! A certain quantity of this oil must always be circulating in the blood of the habitual smoker!"—Good Heavens! I cried, jumping up, dashing down the book,—how can I live another week? "Amaurosis, liver complaint, dyspepsia, paralysis, cancer of the stomach, cancer of the mouth"—yes, the smoker must have them all. Is not the sugar making function of the Saliva impaired? Certainly it is! Is there any sugar in my mouth? Nary lump. Thus exclaiming I strode up and down my room; it was a moment of agony—a crisis. I took up the infernal book again: "the combination of these diseases is apt to produce Hyp-o-chon-dri-a-sis." As the ferocious whiff of smoke that followed the perusal of this passage reminded me of my cigar, I dashed it away, and vowed to smoke no more. Smoking is well enough; but as for Cancer, I can't Sir stand *that*; and to die, just because I don't digest—well, I will say no more.

Oct. 18th.—Reform? Very formidable is the reform I'dabble in. Yesterday it seemed very heroic, but the heroism of one day, is apt to seem the folly of the next. At breakfast I had my beefsteak and coffee as usual, and then—oh! what a fool to give up smoking all at once! How much better to have abandoned it gradually. There is Wooley, who has been abandoning it gradually for three years, and feels much better than if he had violently wrenched his system.

Oct. 19th.—Ah! what a delicious morning for a smoke. I wonder if a mild, a very mild cigar, a contemptible, short, little stumpy sister, would hurt me much! Paralysis might ensue!—But so mild a cigar. And as I have not smoked for two days I could stand a touch of it. Indeed, I think a little paralysis would be good for me; 'twould make me more careful of my health. I knew a man once that had paralysis all the time, and he used to take medicine every morning. As for running to fires, and staying out late at night, he never thought of it. I have half a mind to smoke! True, I locked up my cigars, and lost the key, a little, but then I didn't lose it much.

Oct. 20th.—Once for all, I do not wish to yield to temptation, but if the Chambermaid *will* persist in bringing up my pipe, every time I throw it out of the window, *she*, not I, must be responsible for the consequences?

Oct. 21st.—What the deuce *is* Amaurosis? In the Dictionary, I won't look, for 'tis bad enough to know about the Cancer, and the Sugar. But whatever Amaurosis may be, I am quite sure I'm getting it.

Oct. 22d.—I shall go out no more. Friendship is but a name; for all the fellows know I have stopped smoking, and therefore offer me cigars. That was very mean of Simpson, to puff in my face, and ask me how I liked the flavor.

Oct. 23d.—A memorable day! Mrs. Wiggins, the landlady, came up to my room, and says "she is very sorry, but she couldn't help it. She knowed her duty to the third-story-back, but obligations she also had to the second-story-front, laws forbid! that she should make distinctions, for all she wanted was her just dues weekly, and one gentleman was as good as another, for if some paid less, some paid more, and she had always allowed that you was prompt and if you let it run two weeks, in two 'twas paid, and never asked for three, and regular as the Saturday night, but for all that money was money, and times was hard, and she couldn't lose seven for four, which lose she must unless you changes your dirty habits, or leaves the house, for you *do* smoke, so don't deny it, the house is filled from top to bottom, the boarders smells you at your meals, for still you smokes and smokes and smokes like a locomotive more so, which all must know, for up the stairs 'tis one continual cough, the whole house stinking of tobacco and as for nasty stumps, Heaven knows, she can't keep no girl to clean after you like a cat, for no girl would stay, but many leaves on your account, for look around and see the room, with dirty pipes, and ashes over everything, you dare not call it a lady's parlor and even now, O blush for shame, 'tis filled and filled with horrid smoke, and how you stand it, no one knows, for she cannot, but now is sick, yet afore she goes, she must request and will you be so very good as to Stop Smoking, for stop you must, or leave the house, for the pipe is never out of your mouth"—and the rest of her speech I did not hear, for by this time, she had got down stairs, and was shouting to me from the kitchen. I locked the door and hid my head in the bed clothes. To be told to "stop smoking"! That was a touch too much.

Oct. 24th.—I might as well be in Boston at once. There, I am told, for smoking in the street a chap is heavily mulcted by the laws. All very well if they catch him at it; but it's plain enough that one can't be fined till he's found.

Oct 25th.—This painful experience has made me very thoughtful.

Oct. 26th.—Virtue! let no man dare to say that I am opposed to virtue! On the contrary it is a most capital thing. But like salvation 'twas chiefly intended for the use of sinners; for really what's the use of being virtuous, if you're not to have the good of it? I say that when a man is moral, religious, righteous, and all that, a little sin won't hurt him. Virtue is made disgusting by running it into the ground. Self-Denial! Faugh! I know what that's worth, for I'm behind the scenes now. Not that I run it down altogether. Not at all. Used in moderation 'tis a very good thing. Self-denial, while we deny ourselves those things we don't want, is not only moral, but really of benefit. *There*, it is restrained in its sphere. But when it interferes with our enjoyment, when it would deny us those things we *do* want, then I say self-denial is a vice. What the deuce has it got to do with a man's cigars! By Jupiter! I call that petty meddling. Why, look at me!—who is more self-denying than I am? Notwithstanding all the temptations to Murder, Theft, Treason, Tyranny, Suicide, I indulge in none of them. I never committed suicide in my life; and yet with all this immense abstinence, am I to be denied the trifling indulgence of Tobacco? I will buy a box of cigars to-morrow. To the ignorant this argument may seem sophistical; but what intelligent smoker would endeavor to refute it?

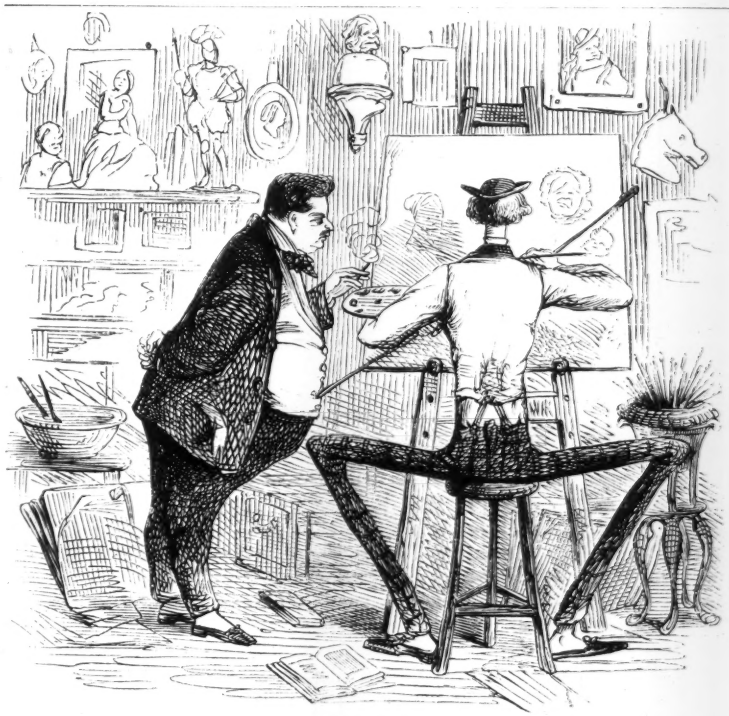
Human Nature is Human Nature.

A missionary went up the Cavalla river, in Africa, last summer, accompanied by his wife, who, being white, was an object of great curiosity to the unsophisticated natives of that region. Church became quite a fashionable thing to do, among these savages, on account of the missionary's white wife; for we are told that, on one occasion, "owing to her presence the attendance on preaching was extraordinarily large." What unmitigated, blackamoor snobs were these men of the Cavalla river, who could see nothing in the clergyman, but were fascinated by the showman!

Meditating upon this, our thoughts came home to roost. We remembered how but a few weeks have elapsed since Trinity Church, in this city, was quite a fashionable thing to do on account of a live white Prince, for we are assured that, on one occasion, "owing to his presence the attendance on preaching was extraordinarily large." What unmitigated, etc., etc., as at the conclusion of the preceding paragraph, with such substitutions as will be obvious to the intelligent reader.

A Counter irritant.

Mrs. Toodles.



BREADTH.

Eminent Artist to Friend.—CAPITAL, CAPITAL MY BOY! YOUR LINES ARE BEAUTIFUL—WHAT YOU WANT IS BREADTH—AND PLENTY OF IT.

By Our Heartless Contributor.

SUBJECT.—B. meeting J. in Broadway yesterday, (BROWN and JONES Of Course,) asked him. "When shall we have our talk out about the Union?" "Oh! whenever you please," says JONES; "come to-night." "Before tea, or after tea?" inquires BROWN. "Whichever you please," replies JONES. "Only observe," adds BROWN, "that should I come before tea, it's all right; while if after, the Union must be broken up." "How on earth do you mean?" rejoins JONES, rather mystified. BROWN grins, and responds: "Why look here, old fellow; don't you see that if I comes after T, in place of before T, the United States will be Untied States?"

Clerical Circumlocution.

Rev. Dr. —— goes in for elegance of paraphrase. In urging the changes upon "He that hath ears to ear, let him hear," he did a fine thing last Sunday. "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the Doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympani." If that isn't hifalutin, then what is?

Matrimonial.

It might be worth the while of parties interested to inquire into the association existing between the term *better-half*, as applied to wives of the strong-minded persuasion, and the word *betterave*, which is the French for Beet.

Canvassing a Joke.

Offering it for Sail.

MATRIMONIAL.

Does to Open mean to Begin. Apart from all classic precedents and from the improper liberties taken with Miss ENGLISH by poets, VANITY asks if Open is to Begin?

When you Sir, begin to *talk*, do you also open? Ah—we forgot—you do "open your head," You've Got Us there. But when you begin to fight you don't open your fists?

Now there's a young lady—EMMA CLARE—advertised this morning in the *Heralderman's Daily Slop Tub*, that she wants to Open a Correspondence. And what's more she wants to do it with a steady, industrious young man.

"A young lady desires to open a correspondence with a steady, industrious young man, with a view to matrimony. Address EMMA CLARE, New York, Post office."

It is indeed within the limits of possibility that EMMA has every day an enormous mail—stupendous piles of letters—notes—documents—quite defying the aperient power of one young lone female.

And she wants a "steady young man, with a view to matrimony," to aid in this Grand Opening. We like that. We think we see 'em at it. EMMA at one end of a table with a peck basket of letters—Steady, Industrious Young Man, (with View to Matrimony,) at t'other. We think we hear him as he advances.

1st peck of letters. "If you please, Miss ——."
2d peck.—"Miss EMMA."
3d peck.—"EMMA."
4th peck.—"EMMY."
5th peck.—"EM."
6. 7. 8. &c.—"Dear, Duck, Sweet."
And so on.

But EMMA don't mean this at all. She is probably a Gay Humbug. She hasn't got any letters to open—she only wants to open somebody's porte-monnaie.

To continue. What do you think of the following from the same?

MATRIMONY.—A gentleman, 24 years of age, is desirous of meeting with a young lady of respectable family for his future wife, who would be willing to keep company twelve months previous to the alliance, when he will be in such a position as to make a comfortable home for her. She must be religious, amiable, cheerful, domesticated, enjoying good health, genteel in appearance, of a loving disposition, and in moderate ability and education; her private means quite immaterial, so that the above indispensable qualities are possessed. The correspondent will be gentlemanly dealt with should an interview result in disapproval on either side. This is a bona fide advertisement. Address for three days, stating age and of what religious denomination.

Ain't it sweet? He seeketh:
Respectable family.
Religious.
Amiable.
Cheerful.
Domestic—ated!
Enjoying Good Health.
Genteel—(say *Gen*—teel) in Appearance!
Of Loving Disposition.
But only of Moderate Ability and Education.

We think we see into this last. A girl of anything more than Moderate, (and very moderate,) ability and education would be very unlikely We think to "keep company twelve months" with any advertising vagabond. But then she will be

Gentlemanly Dealt With. And This is a bona fide advertisement.

And yet this lump of transparent rascality will be pecked at by some Female Fool. Perhaps by a score. Simply because while requiring, or attempting to require a mass of virtues and excellencies such as no girls who answer matrimonial advertisements ever possess, he flatters the vanity—awakens the self-admiration of numbers. "I'm this, I'm that—I'm genteel I know, I'm 'religious,' I'm more respectable than half my friends—and oh! *ain't* I of a Loving Disposition? I'll do." It's the old story.

"You may miss if you bait with silver and gold,
You may miss with diamond and pearl,
But you never will miss if with flattery
You fish for a foolish girl."

Why our Nathan would lie.

Because it was in Nate.

"IN THE WRONG STAGE, SIR!"

LOOK HERE! you people of Washington! What, in the name of all that's good, are you up to? We understand perfectly well that you are a very eccentric collection of beings—perhaps we ought to say *con*centric in view of the fact that being peripherically unendurable, you have flagitiously and centripetally aggravated yourselves in a highly promiscuous manner in Mrs. COLUMBIA's tenacre-potatopatch, or, to use the language of one of your own OULD minstrels:

"Right in the middle of a 3 cent pie."

Yes, beyond all question, to be sure. Yes, and decidedly, Concentric is the word. We have, as we were about to say, duly considered your Concentricity, and all that, but what in thunder has started you off on the Dramatic tack? Go to the *Theatre* to hear the news by telegraph! You ought to be, and are hereby notified to be, ashamed of yourselves! You hadn't ought to have went there! Isn't there Pomp and Pageantry enough in your Mid—dle to satisfy you? Are your longings so intensified that you must have even your election returns dramatised! Why, the next thing will be to have your marriages, dry goods, funerals, faro-banks, dead-letters, etc., ground up by some American Scribe into a mellifluous and heart-rending tragicomedicalumny, that will keep the whole universe awake for at least one night. More or less as the case may be.

You mustn't think because WILLIAM the Great when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, said "All the world's a stage," etc., etc., that you should dine, sleep, and do your week's wash'ng in Five Acts. More or less as the case may be.

If things go on in this way, what will become of the innocent and unsophisticated new members of Congress just elected from this town? The Klassic KERRIGAN! and our well-beloved BENJAMIN! why, you'll corrupt his morals, you heedless he[illegible]then! more or less as the case may be. And poor, pious ELIJAH! How he will be shocked! Just ponder upon the disastrous results to humanity in irreligionating such members of society as these! Or any other man. More or less as the case may be.

It is quite evident that you have no conception of the quality to say nothing of the quantity of Grief to which you are so rapidly Coming. Yes, Grief, ye Pagans! Grief with the ugliest sort of paraphernalia, thumb-screws, shower-baths, fine-tooth combs and other torturous thingamies. So we suggest that you had better begin to stop. We are mild, but unflinchingly firm. *Well—we—are*—HONEY!! We feel very much like the American Eagle before breakfast, as it were; therefore, O Washingtonians, listen, listen with your mouths wide open to our admonishing Voice! Beware our Hebdominal Ire! Subvert, rage, demolish your abominable seven-by-nine shanty, and—if you must have one—erect a *Theatre*. A theatre into which you can go without umbrellas and over-shoes. Remember what the Arts and Sciences were built for. Pay a proper and contiguous respect to the exigencies of luxurious and retrospective perspicuity; similitudinate yourselves to surreptitious plantigrades and give our love to your mothers-in-law.

A NATIVE DANTE.

For the following interesting item we are indebted to the *World*. Or the *World's* New-London correspondent. Can it be that our cotemporary is coming round to the Spiritualistic persuasion? And so slyly, too: there is no other allusion to the matter in the N. L. correspondence.

Cudlargo, the native Esquimaux, died on Sunday, July 1, and was buried in the sea. He speaks very highly of the crews of the two vessels, and says that the governor of Holsteinburg paid them a merited compliment for good order and gentlemanly deportment while on shore. Of himself he writes: "I spend my time very pleasantly, finding a thousand things in which I am interested, both on board ship and on shore. The flora of this region is now in all its glory. I am delighted to find it so extensive and of such variety, but we must soon be off to more desolate regions.—*World*, 13*th*.

It appears the "native" Esquimaux, in sailing down the Stygian stream, was politely treated by the gentlemanly crew of the two ships found necessary to his comfortable conveyance. They have a Holsteinburg in Them Parts, too; and its governor was pleased with the order and decorum manifested by the sometime festive crew which manned—or shall we say spirited—the vessel. The semi-translated C. C. e., on the half-shell, like other natives we wot of) was observing in his new element. He is delighted to find the Flora of that region (proper names are not distinguished by capitals in Esquimaux) so extensive and of such infinite variety.—SWEDENBORG, in his post-prandial calls in that section, observed the variety. The extensions are not uncommon with us.

How eloquent in simplicity is the final clause: "But we must soon be off to more desolate regions!" Then those glimpses of fresh fields and pastures new, and of the very desirable society, "now in all its glory" (the height of the season, eh)—these were but the lively fantasia before the curtain rose on the last act of the tragedy?

Decidedly Swedenborgian. For does not Count EMANUEL make this the chiefest agony of the pile? And the contemplation of the demnition unpleasantly situated Native will, according to the same authority, be the select circle's exceeding great reward.

OUR FROG-POND CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, 21st Oct. 1860.

Dear Vanity Fair.—A traveller from the centre of commerce to this remote, not to say melancholy and slow, spot upon the periphery, experiences no more pleasurable feeling than that excited by the total absence of BOOLE. Here the truly paternal government, deserving well the designation of City Fathers, neglect no means to promote the moral excellence of the citizens as well as their temporal well-being, nor does the attempt to inculcate virtue stop with humanity. As the visitor approaches that charming sheet of water which derives its name from those interesting batrachians whose fame has been rendered immortal by the genius of Æsop and Aristophanes, and by the gastronomic experience of *la belle* France, which directed the attention of the world to the sweetness of their tender flesh, surpassing that of the chicken in delicacy; as the visitor, I say, approaches this miniature lake and its water-chickens, he beholds conspicuously affixed to the surrounding trees this mandate: "Dogs not allowed in the Frog Pond on Sundays;" and his heart swells with gratitude to the benign powers which pay regard to even canine virtue.

Trusting that a knowledge of the far-reaching solitude of this lowly village may incite the sages of Gotham to introduce similar sagacious measures for the furtherance of religion, I have ventured to call their attention to the subject by means of your truth-flashing, cant-opposing columns.

With all respect, I remain yours &c,

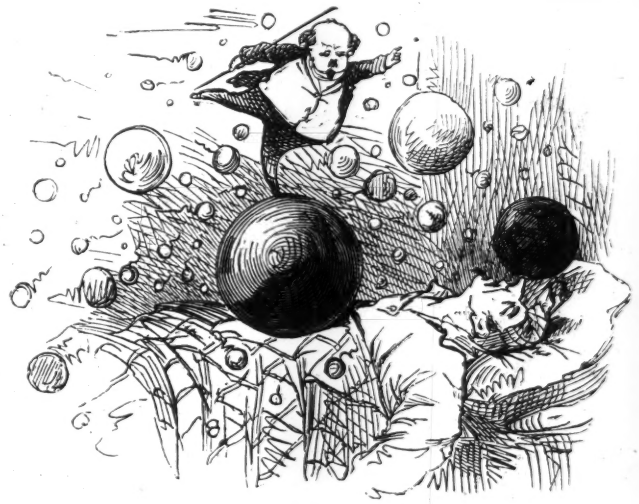
VIATOR.

Con. for Republicans.

Why is VANITY FAIR like the Presidential election?
It is Able in Cons.

A good Match.

John Bull's famous Cricketers aud "the Concentrated Leaven."



STRANGE PHENOMENON.

WHAT CHARLEY CRAM SAW IN A DREAM AFTER WITNESSING THE PERFORMANCES OF BERGER.

EXTRAORDINARY.

The N. Y. *Programme* of the 13th inst., says,

It is stated that Messrs. WHEATLEY and CLARKE, of the Arch street theatre Philadelphia, have determined to produce several original plays, written by dramatists of that city, and hereafter to foster native talent. We are delighted to hear it.

Delighted! We should think so. Rather. But is this a case of conscience, or have Messrs. BORCICAULT and TOM TAYLOR written themselves out? How *could* Messrs. W. & C. think of such a thing as producing a play without its having first received the imprimation of Mr. WALLACK, or Miss LAURA KEENE Good Gracious, only think of it. Such an enterprise will no doubt be received with rapturous applause and bewildered amazement by the citizens of Philadelphia, who have been condemned for upwards of some time past in any thing but the original packages to take their dramatic productions diluted and considerably at that. Only think of it. An o-rig-i-n-al play at the Arch-street? Instinct did you never? And she said she did.

Go on gentlemen. That's sure to become popular.

A Printer's Maxim.

"First impressions are the best."

TELEGRAMISERY.

SIR!—If you're the philanthrophist that everybody says you are, let me ask your sympathy for us operators upon the municipal telegraph. How would *you* like to sit in a station-house-cubby hole all day, describing to inquirers at other stations, the color of the eyes, and hair, and dresses, of a pen-full of lost babies picked up by the police? If you've seen better days as most of us have, think of the misery of closely examining the appurtenances and features of children dirty enough to be assessed as real estate! Then think of the exotic mothers, Amsterdam Dutch, Schiedam Dutch, Rotterdam Dutch—it would be profanity and unoriginal besides, to refer to other dam Dutch; think of the exotics from Green Erin, Gaul and Helvetia, all clamorous by the night together for the juvenile native Americans strayed from home during the day! Think of the squabbles and acerbities of the exotics aforesaid when each finds—as they often do—the first time they wash the reclaimed child, that some other woman has effected an unwitting exchange of offspring. People don't know our tribulation. If they did, a society would be started at once to bring about its amelioration. Some of us have been preachers—Yes, Sir. Another was once a judge in Arkansaw, several have had the newspaper mania, and run to seed. And I—well I graduated with some honor, but lacked the "cheek" to make a lawyer, though it's my private opinion that CHITTY and BLACKSTONE were about the greatest men that ever wore a wig of No. 1 flax.

I want to show you, Mr. VANITY FAIR, by how slim a tenure we telegraph operators hold our appointments. To-day I've got a new assistant. His predecessor was discharged yesterday, and when I tell you how and why, I think I see you in an effort to control your Indignation, like AJAX defying the Lightning.

Well, Policeman SMITH finds a little lost boy. The way that boy was dressed was slightly a caution. His cap was an intricate mixture of velvet, horsehair, braid and lace. His coat was cut *a la Zouave*, and his little trowsers terminated at the knee in a style of ruffles that resembled those around the legs of a well sheared poodle. The mother was the wife of a city official—a regular pumpkinhead, and *she* formerly kept a thread-and-needle store in the upper end of Hudson St. Down to the central station goes she and her husband, the latter as docile as a tame monkey behind a hand organ. Into the operating room she flounces. "Where's my little FERDY?" she asks in a sharp tone. She's a hatchet-faced woman, you see, and hatchet-faced women invariably have hatchet shaped voices.

"What is his full name, ma'am?" asked the operator.

"FERDINAND BULLFACE," says she, "and he lives at No. — Abingdon Square."

"I'll telegraph," says the operator, and mine being the nearest station he "calls" us up. I was out at the time, and my assistant was just having a round with a Milesian female who accused him of "wantin' to kape her child an' put her off wid another."

The message from Mrs. BULLFACE—her husband had the bullface not she—came over the wires.

"A beautiful child is missing, name FERDINAND BULLFACE, residence Abingdon Square, can't tell his name, dressed in velvet und Honiton cap; *poult de soie*, Zouave Jacket, ombre stripe; and RENFREW trowsers.

There were just eighteen children on hand in my station. Assistant looks them over and singles out one. The communication from the City Hall was about as intelligible to him as the inscription upon the wall of the banqueting Hall, to the late Mr. NEBUCHEDNEZZAR. He didn't graduate, Mr. VANITY FAIR. If he'd had time to read what every body else has read—VANITY FAIR's expositions of the lives of the Counter-jumpers—he would have been posted. But he didn't know that *poult de soie* was a certain kind of silk, and that ombre meant a style of graduated color like an unfinished rainbow. More than this, he was wearied with twelve hours' work, and under his vest-pattern was a vacuum abhorrent alike to himself and to nature, caused by the absence of dinner.

He was obliged to answer, and answer he did. I've a memorandum of the answer, and I swear to you it is a true one.

"We've got an ugly brat here; can't tell his name; freckled all over, nose looks like a big wart, dressed up like an organ grinder's monkey."

Operator at City Hall spelt out the message, thought it was a good joke, didn't suppose it was BULLFACE's child, for Mrs. BULLFACE was looking for an infant Apollo.

Mrs. BULLFACE leaves her address, orders her husband to follow her out, and sends BULLFACE to send an officer to our station, to send policemen to hunt her "beautiful little FERDY."

You now see, Mr. EDITOR, the mistake of my unfortunate assistant. The lost child *was* at our station. It was the very child described by my junior as "an ugly brat, freckled all over; nose looks like a big wart; dressed up like an organ grinder's monkey." Mrs. BULLFACE remembered the description, and cart-ropes wouldn't hold her. We found out that the young one was the beautiful infant son of Ald. BULLFACE, and sent him home before Mr. BULLFACE's messenger came, but that didn't mollify Mrs. B——. Not a bit of it.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ on the part of my unfortunate assistant. To-day he received his discharge, and all for his inability to discriminate between *poult de soie* and a side of sole-leather, between "*ombre*" and an umbrella. Now if he had served for a while as a counter-jumper, don't you see, he'd have known the difference, and therefore, perhaps have kept his place?

Can't yon do something for us, Mr. EDITOR? Don't you think that the public should learn the sorrows of the

TICKERS?

From our Comatose Contributor.

Why are Buss horses like badly punctuated literary works? Because they are full of Stops.

P CE IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

Equestri an.—"COME, NOW, I LIKE THAT! T , PUBLIC MAKES A PARK, AND THEN THE PUBLIC'S TOLD BY A PLEECEMAN THAT HE MUST N'T R UN HIS HORSE 2:40 TIME THROUGH IT IF HE'S MIND TO!"

MIRABILE.

We clip the following morceau from the *Wo* of last Tuesday,

"On the first round fired, (the *World* is spea ng of Sea Coast gunnery) blank cartridge were used. *The tar , of course, was untouched!*"

Oh, *World!* dear, wise *World*, sage *World!* (would thou wert feminine, that we might call thee *sage-femme*—th i dost accouch so many blunders, mighty, omniscient *World!* e know and do hereby most frankly admit that you are general right in matters Mundane, and always so in things Spiritual, (as, ideed, how could the organ of the Fulton-street prayer meeting otherwise?) but, O, honest *World!* wasn't this *res bellicosa*, this m foreshadowing of war, a little too much for you? arn't you t e least little bit mistaken this time, just this once?

Come, that's a dear *World*, own up, didn't the hot go a little to the right? or perhaps to the left? or perhaps t went over? or perchance it fell Short? (just as we are now, oh, *World!* and as we hope for the sake of Sea Coast gunnery you too oh, mighty orb! soon will be!) or perhaps there wasn't any shot all! We await thine answer *World!*

Nihil dixit.

(The world whistles Dixey's Land—)

Then, *World*, we say you are unchristian, you a no grammarian, but you are, (ye Gods! *peccavi!*) you are a G d-motherarian! you are a-a-*World!* you are a blatant *mouton*.

And you are trying to fleece the re of the dai ! We see what you are at, *World!* you want to introduce this w form of expression, this style, this period, this idiom.

You are burningly anxious that the *Tribune* ould come out some day with such a paragraph as this:

"The house of our esteemed friend JAMES GOR S BENNETT Esq., was broken open last night about eleven o'clo Some half an hour after, the thief had taken the morning ain for Boston (where it is currently reported these monsters m do congregate) Mr. BENNETT discharged a rifle after him. It is almost needless to say the villain escaped unhurt."

Or that the *Herald* reporter should commit himself thus:

"Yesterday afternoon some careless youth applied a match to the old twenty-four pounder, which lies in the Park, while his father was standing directly before the muzzle, conversing with a friend. Fortunately the deadly weapon was not loaded. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark, that by the interposition of a Divine Providence (do you ever lend your things to the *Herald* man, *World?*) the confiding elders were uninjured. Such disregard of human life ought not to go unpunished."

Or, more, æsthetically, that the *Tribune* should write,

"The *Times* of yesterday discharged a heavy editorial at the secession movement. Of course nothing was said about the secession movement."

Or, that the *Times* should discourse in this wise:

"Our pious cotemporary—we have but one—(at this point the *Independent* and *Observer* howl—MORSE, of the latter, telegraphs to South Carolina for a force of 200,000 men armed to the teeth with persimmons—GREELEY shakes in the face of the orthodox community a handful of letters to ROBERT DALE OWEN, on marriage, and BENNETT tears his hair out by the roots)—contained in its Monday issue a long article ostensibly on the affairs of Italy—of course no one who had not read the caption, would be able to say whether it treated of lake Tschad or of Boorioboola-gah."

Be wiser, *World!*

By our Microscopic Contributor.

When did Ex-Gov. WISE acknowledge that he never could be a Great Man?

When he declared himself a Minute Man, of course.

A Mournful Measure.

A Widow's Size.

TO-DAY.

"A CERTAIN MAN HAD TWO SONS: AND THE YOUNGER OF THEM SAID TO HIS FATHER, FATHER, GIVE ME THE PORTION OF GOODS THAT FALLETH TO ME."

THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF WIDE AWAKES.

O the Editor of Vanity Fair:—I appeal to you as the fountain-head of wisdom, (don't blush if you can help it and I think you can,) to answer a very important question. What is to become of the "Wide Awakes," now that the election is over? I am aware that one pleasing duty will devolve upon them,—the task for which they were organized, to invade the South for the purpose of cutting every slave-holder's throat, and making a drum-head of his skin, previously administering half a peck of strychnine to make sure work of it, after which they will proceed to hang, draw, and quarter Governor WISE, and place his head upon the WASHINGTON aqueduct with a Southern aspect; but all this will take but a short time, and what will they do next? How will they spend the winter? Will they hybernate like bears and militia? I have propounded the query to that useful institution known as Echo, and Echo answers "*Quien Sabe*," and as a last resort I appeal to you. What *will* become of them?

Pending Your Reply I will make one or two suggestions. In the first place they might proceed to Greenland in order to be in readiness for the next solar eclipse, when their torches would be useful in dispersing the fog, so that they could take an observation. While they are waiting they can beguile the time and pass ambrosial nights in singing "Dixey."

Then they could find a *Field* for their energies in getting up the balance of the Atlantic Cable, which I have no doubt they could sell to Tiffany.

There is another fine opening for their cape—abilities on the stage. If Mr. FORREST should ever consent to favor us with a representation of Richard Third, they would make a very effective pair of armies. I have no doubt Mr. NIXON, with his usual liberality, would build a bridge over Crosby Street, so as to increase the depth of the stage, (say to the Bowery,) in which case he would get some magniffcent perspective effects. Just imagine, O VANITY of VANITIES! the gorgeous spectacle of their serried ranks with the white capes on one side, and the red or black ones on the other, so as to distinguish the hostile armies, which is a Great Desideratum on the stage. They would be supposed to fight by striking together alternately their clubs and their lantern poles, keeping time to the music with that fine rythmic cadence which is a well-known characteristic of all great battles.

There is still another way in which they could be useful. You are doubtless aware that the Histrionic Mind has long been perplexed as to the proper color for OTHELLO. Now I have travelled in my time, and once met with a descendant of the celebrated Moor of Venice whose name was ABDULLAH, BEN ALI, BEN HASSAN, BEN ILBRAHIM, BEN SELIM, BEN OTHELLO. I examined him closely, and discovered that his color was as nearly as possible that of a delicate sugar-cured ham. I propose that the "Wide Awakes" should make use of their torches for the purpose of smoking the majestic countenance of our large tragedian to the exact shade; not forgetting the saccharifeious exudation of the cane. (This last clause you will perceive is not English, but Reporter.)

I was about to suggest that they would be useful as auxiliaries at the opera, but on second thoughts, I don't believe they could sing much better than the present chorus, and I am very sure that their gestures will not be so Ineffably Grand and Dignified.

This is all I can suggest at present, Oh VANITY! and I remain in the hope that you will invent something which will enable this gallant band of heroes to crown their victorious brows with still graver laurels, instead of sinking hopelessly into oblivion.

PLATINO.

A STUMPER.

VANITY FAIR for once is gravelled. Equalized horizontally with the minute pebbles of the horticultural promenade. Puzzled, flummuxed, be-mazed, under a fog, treed.

And that not by an asthmatic—no—we mean æsthetic article in the *Crayon*, or a modest utterance by GEBARD, or a decent manly leader in the Heralderman's Daily Slop-Tub, or the resignation of General CHAWLS SHANTAFORD TORETIRE, or the Last Dying S. & C. of BOOLE, or the publicly expressed repentance of Ye Bookbindere and Coopere, or in short, any other unexpected performance, by any of VANITY's little puppets whom it danceth on a string until the world gives it New Fools. These things would have rather amazed than puzzled it.

This time it is the *Presbyterian* (as quoted by the *Methodist*) on Dr. MCCLINTOCK. That's what's the matter with Us.

The *Presbyterian* is a Good Paper and has been describing in very good language a very proper event—that of a public profession of religion,, being made by a very charming young lady. And very well, too, does the *Presbyterian* (as quoted by the *Methodist*) get along until it comes to the following sentence:

"It was interesting to see this young lady, just entering into OCENYTSII, a position, too, to afford her unusual facilities for enjoying the world."

Interesting! We should think so. Goodness! how *We* should like to see a young lady just entering into O cenytsii. Wouldn't You like to see one under similar circums? *O—Cen—y—tsi—ii—*! At—soo! We arn't used to snuff.

There's only one little drawback—we haven't the remotest portion of a conception what an Ocenytsii is. It isn't in any of the numerous languages spoken in VANITY FAIR—it isn't in us—or as we apprehend in any other man. But the young lady went into it, like a good fellow, and the *Presbyterian* endorses the deed as an egg of superior quality, so we throw up our cap for the article. Hurrah for Ocenytsii—long may he wave! Bem—bam—boum. "It's Sure To Become Popular."

Anything with Wool upon it.

The *Tribune*, always great upon live stock, notices the acclimatisation in England, of a small but lucrative sheep raised in India, and known as the Purik Sheep. Having discoursed a good deal about the mutton and collateral advantages offered by this esculent quadruped, the *Tribune* winds up by saying:

It is supposed that this kind of sheep would make rather interesting pets, of which children would be particularly fond; and we approve of anything that would be likely to displace worthless dogs in their affections, and at the same time add to their happiness.

How persistently men will stick to their cherished fancies! And so the good, honest, intelligent, traditional, household dog is to be hold up to scorn, and his honored peace to be given to a mutton sheep—eh? Go on, *Tribune*; proceed, H. G.—— Anything with wool upon it!

Worldly.

CHEAP LIVING.

Read the *World*, and get Bored for only one cent.

FUN WORTH THE CANDLE.

It is observed that as the *World* grows more enlightened, it's Steerin' indicates a Wicked direction. *Sic transit gloria Mundi.*

TAKING IT EASY.

We have heard of a number of persons, who each subscribe for several copies of the *World*, and are not at all indignant at their being only One Cent.

The Bolt that wasn't shot at Bayard Taylor.

Hum-bolt.

ALDERMANITY.

AM probably the most degraded being in New York. I am, I suppose, the *only* person of respectable birth and education who has sunk so basely low—who has become so unutterably degraded, as to positively associate familiarly with Aldermen! Yes sir—I visit in their houses, sit on their sofas ——— but I spare you the contemplation of such abject vileness. Fancy the "home" of an *Alderman!?*

It is not necessary that I should detail the steps f vice and misfortune which sunk me to this Sink of Vulgarity. To be the one man among Them, who ever was a gentleman, i dark destiny. What I wished to say was that you and others w o comment on Aldermen—their "feelings," and powers—do so as total i norance as though you attempted to describe a pre-A mite Amo ontholog osphorus.

The Creatures are not without a certain Sens of Art. They know the color of anything—say of a kid glove—a d one a nong them even attempts Poetry.

I send you a late effort of his. I stole it from l n. Of course a man who associates with Aldermen will steal—a l own it.

If you object that some of the points in the ly c are not bran new, I can only reply that a poem by ——— s uld be a stupendous and joyous curiosity at any time.

Your

PANCAKE.

REFLECTIONS OF A NEW YORK ALDERMAN DURING THE VISIT OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this *Son* of *York*;
And all the clouds that lowered upon *our house*,
In the deep bosom of this welcome buried,
Now are our brows bound with *Victoria's* wre ths;
Old HECKER smiles amid his monuments;
Our stern forbodings change to merry meetin s,
And dreadful speeches, to delightful measure
E'en PETER COOPER smooths his wrinkled front.
And now, instead of hatching party deeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in the Opera house,
To the lascivious pleasings of a flute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court a foreign embassy,
I that may never see her Majesty,
And strut before that royal foreign nymph,
I that am dove-tailed in this fusion caucus,
Cheated of office by dissembling party,
Reformed, refinished, sent before my time,
Into this breathing world, scarce half made u
And that so lonely *and unfashionable*,
I could not get a ticket to the ball—
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace
Have no delight to pass away my time,
Unless to see the firemen's parade,
And descant on that great enormity;
And therefore, since I cannot earn my bonus,
To entertain this fair, well-spoken boy,
I am determined just now to be honest,
And hate the scurvy pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, injunctions dangerous,
By drunken vagabonds, rowdies and knaves,
To set the "Boord" at variance with the Mayor,
In deadly hate, the one against the other,
For 'tis a common proof, "when rogues fall out,
The honest man will surely get his due"
And if this plan be honest, true and just,
As I am subtle false and treacherous,
This day Democracy will be mewed up.
About a prophecy that says that D.
Of DOUGLAS' hopes the murderer shall be,
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul—here STEPHEN comes.

Enter. DOUGLAS *guarded, and* BRECKINRIDGE.

Ald.—Brother, good-day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Doug.—The Wide-Awake, tendering to my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Senate.

Ald.—Upon what course?

Doug.—Because my name is D.,
Which name with Democrat shall ever linked be.

Ald.—Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours;
They should for that commit your godfather;
They should for that great Jefferson decry.
Belike our sovereigns have some new intent,
That you should now be christened in the Senate?

Doug.—Yes, you are right;
They hanker after prophecies and dreams,
They from the cross-row pluck the letter D.,
"No DOUGLAS" leader of Democracy,
His issue disinherited shall be.
God knows I have no child, I wish I had
These as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have moved the people to reject me now.

Ald.—Why this it is when men are ruled by women!

Great Moral Exhibition.

The above heart-stirring words stared VANITY FAIR in the face, not in the advertisement list of the *World*, but from a brick wall in a neighboring city, one day last week. Above this startling announcement we read—

MAMMOTH MENAGERIE.

while below—

Here may be found all the RARE, VALUABLE AND CURIOUS ANIMALS known to Naturalists, and is the only pure and correct school where youths can successfully unlock, study and define the GREAT BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY.

So with a 25c. key, we proceeded to unlock, study and define the Great Book which Rare valuable and Curious Animals is the only pure and correct school; evidently not a Grammar School.

We began The Great Moral Exhibition by Seeing the Elephant. Continued with the morality taught by the cheerful monkeys: Witnessed the cruelty of the Lions; the rapacity of the Tigers; the ferocity of the Hyenas. Saw the school for scandal of the Parrots and Macaws. Contemplated the treachery of the "Wrat-tail Snais" and the "Bore Constructors." Carefully analyzed the brutality of the Bears; studied the indefinable savageness in the eyes of a Wild Cat; and finally concluded that the

GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION

was the Exhibition of the Quarter Dollar that VANITY FAIR made when he Went In.

More Bowery French.

The Bowery Theatre has discovered a strange and terrible bit of gymnastics. Something entirely new, definitely novel and perspicuously startling. And this grand moral Spec, this Festiviviality, bears the name of

LESCHELLE
PERELUISE,

But What Is It? Leschelle is Old French for Ladder. (We've all heard of Trois Eschelles, You Know) But What Is It? *Pere* is father, and LUISE is we Spose a Feminess—but then is Père Luise or is Luise Père, or Either, a Little of Both, or This That—or is the whole a complicated and confounded case of Zoyara? And as it is theatrical, it is of course Epi-scene.

The Bowery is decidedly Much on French. Easy, ready-made French You Know, of the kind which is Sure to Become Popular. Still it evidently has its Perils—for it is always unlucky You Know to venture under a Ladder.

THE PRACTICAL.

"JUST LEFT FRED—CONFOUND HIM AND HIS PRACTICAL JOKES, STOLE A TICKET FROM A PIE-STAND AND STUCK IT IN MY CAP, KNOWING TOO WHERE I WAS GOING."

A Mermaid of all Work.

We are informed by French journals, that Mademoiselle SARAH FELIX, sister of the late lamented RACHEL, has retired from the stage, of which she, too, was an ornament, and taken service in a family of bivalvular esculents. In other words, the *artiste* referred to has undertaken the cultivation of some oyster beds, on the west coast of France. If the situation is one analogous to that of chambermaid, there is nothing new in the association, for we once knew a *prima donna* who tucked in an unlimited number of oysters every night of her life. What if our own little New York *prima donna* took a notion, now, of doing this kind of thing, and went into business as a mermaid of all work among the bivalves down in the briny; wouldn't there be a nice Oyster PATTI?—that's all.

"Look out for the Engine!"

If Liberty is rushing through Italy like a locomotive, then may GARIBALDI well be compared to the cow-catcher that clears the way. This simile was suggested by the fact that the hero, as mentioned in his autobiography, was a noted hunter of wild cattle when in South America. Any bull of the Pope's, therefore, will encounter the cow-catcher at his own risk, if he attempts to cross the track.

A Fast Young Man.

The newly born Imperial Prince of Russia has already been appointed to the command of several regiments. We are not informed whether the regiments thus honored are Infantry or cavalry; but if the former, we should say that his small but Imperial Highness is the right baby in the right place.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BULLYRAGGIA, OCT. 27th.

DEAR VANITY:—I should have written you before, had I not been behind with my correspondence, but my delay, like my board-bill, is owing to my landlord here, who refused to let me have pens and ink until they were paid for.

An additional cause of unpunctuality . . . and perhaps of unpunctuation in this letter . . . was that I lost my right arm in the engagement before Vermicelli, and have been forced to learn to write with my left. Having, if I may be allowed to say it, left my right hand on the field, my left is now my right-hand arm, the right having left me without a hand to write with. On the other hand . . . but this is becoming involved, and I have important matter to tell.

Although naturally peaceable, I found, on arriving here, that I could learn nothing of the war, without participating, so I went in as a volunteer, at Vermicelli, and though the smoke, and dust, and confusion rendered everybody else indistinguishable, I succeeded in distinguishing myself, considerably.

Towards the close of the contest, I found myself face to face with a colonel of Armadilloes, and a terrific encounter for life ensued.

I drew my sabretache, and we fenced beautifully for two hours. I gave him at least a hundred mortal wounds.

As he felt himself about to fall, he raised his canteen, and fired . . .

I received the whole charge in my throat . . .

Fortunately, this act was performed *in articulo mortis*, and my colonel dropped dead at my feet the moment after.

I also fell. Mortification instantly set in, and I became insensible, in which condition I lay for three days, when I was found by a party of Horse-Marines, who were burying the killed and wounded.

They took me to the hospital-tent of the 78th Tumbrils, where the surgeons decided that I must lose my arm on the first intention. It was amputated between the scapula and clavicle, the incision being over the left shoulder.

A few hours after the operation, GARIBALDI entered the hospital tent, and found me playing the violin, to wile away the tedium of convalescence.

He wept.

"Is there anything you wish," he asked, "some candy, a telescope, bird-seed, or a cocktail?"

"None of these, General . . . but liberty to Italy . . . and a commission, if you have such a thing about you?"

"Brave fellow! You shall have both!"

Then, turning to the officers of his staff, "Messieurs, here is a pattern for you. This maimed and suffering person, in the hour of his torture, repines not. He forgets himself, as well as other people. His thoughts are all of liberty to Italy! Here, BATTISTE!" said he to a hospital servant, "see that the patient is well supplied with pickled onions"

The staff wept . .

I fiddled . . .

Unless VICTOR EMANUEL, by advice of the council now sitting at Brignoli, should withdraw his refusal to permit the Papal supremacy an extension in the Romagna, under cover of the first decree of the Dictatorshi, we shall have a fierce skirmish at Farobanc, which is already being fortified by the enemy.

I shall be ther . . .

I may conquer . .

I may fall . . .

At all events, whichever may be my lot, I shall hasten to inform you of the result, at an early hour . . . say about half-past six in the morning. *Viva la Liberta!*

MCARONE.

A Melon-choly Joke.

In a Broadway window are to be seen two enormous specimens of the gourd variety of vegetable, labelled, respectively, "Queen VICTORIA" and the "Prince of Wales." This, we suppose, is intended as a compliment to the royal personages in question, indicating that even by republican eyes they are looked upon as "Some Punkins."

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

COLLEGE SKETCHES.

No I.

ESPECTED Friend,—Your College correspondence is just the thing and meets with universal approbation from everybody. Now I am a College boy, and have been through all the trials and grievances together with all the fun and frolic, of that joyous season. From a mighty green *Fresh*, I emerged a self-important consequential Soph., and so on. But you shall in due time hear all, if you will give me space, provided also that you and the *Type*, like the immortal BARKIS, are *willing*.

To begin.

In the Spring of 185-, a deucedly green sprout on the Parental Stem, was booked as a Freshman of TRISTRAM COLLEGE.

The daily papers of the city of Hungerford were loud in proclaiming that "a larger number than usual had entered the Freshman Class of *Tristram* College; and the institution was in a very flourishing condition." (We did not know *then* that this was an annual stereotyped expression, and was duly paid for each year by the Faculty—and charged as General Damages, in the Term bill.) "A larger number than usual"—whew! Stand aside Sophs, no tricks now from you, we can whip you all—

But the bell is tolling for the first prayers in the Chapel, and we must go. Why! what a motley crowd this is! There goes a man; I know he is a Senior. See how daintily he treads in his new patent leathers, and shiny beaver, kid gloves, and rattan cane. How kind it is in him to patronize the College by his presence, and condescend to associate with the others. "Is he *smart*?" Don't get too personal! But (*sub. rosa*) if he can read the Latin on his diploma (when he gets it) without two Lexicons and six grammars, he'll pass.

There's a Junior. I tell him by his moustache See how carefully he smooths it and those side whiskers, too (I tell you that shaving he got one night with an old trowel, has improved their growth); aye, and that stunning cravat tie. Newly-fledged Junior, how grand he feels. But he's not worth noticing.

By George? There's a bully, I tell you—he's a Sp[illegible] See how he swaggers, both hands in his pockets, cigar in corner of his mouth, hat on one side. "Halloa, why dem'n all, see the Babies," is his laconic notice of the "unusually large Freshman Class."

And who's this little fellow, just out of round jouts? See how shy he is! Poor little child, he seeks to escape notice in the crowd. Ah! we fear that that little down on his face must soon disappear; those flaxen locks must shortly fall before the ruthless blade of some oyster knife.

And this big fellow with a huge yellow moustache, and a pile of books under his arm and a consequential swagger, what class does he belong to? See, he has a pair of window-pane eye-glasses on his long nose, his head hangs down as he walks, and a little black dog trots along at his heels. I'll bet he's a Junior, but let's ask this man. "Please, sir, who is that person?" "That's only old DAISY." "Is he a Student?" No, boy, he's a Professor of Greek, who gives large parties every Monday night to be popular with the students. You'll know him some time."

But the bell ceases, and headlong go the students into the Chapel. In my next, look out for scenes and incidents in there.

ALUMNUS.

"VIVE LE ROI!"

I.

The terrible King of Dahomey is dead
"Vive le Roi!"
The terrible King of Dahomey is dead,
But he left a son with a wonderful head
For figures [of men and women] 'tis said,
And as soon as his dad was thoroughly dead,
Every man
In Dahomey began
To cry, *"Vive le Roi!"*

II.

It might have been policy guided the cry
Of *"Vive le Roi!"*
For whenever a King of Dahomey shall die,
Every man must mind his eye,
And away to the "bush" the Dahomans fly,
And why?
Because they're aware—the Dahomans are—
Of an ancient custom, which had its rise—
No one knows where—of a sacrifice;
So one and all bellow and bawl
"Vive le Roi!"

III.

This ancient custom which makes them shout
"Vive le Roi!"
Consists, I am told—as I said before,
Of a sacrifice offered—a thousand or more
Of fat Old Provincials are freely bled,
Until they are quite and decidedly dead,
When their bodies are burned, to gristle and bones,
And into a pit of dirt and stones
Their blood is poured; then into a boat
The Dahomans get, and sing as they float,
To a tune that is set to a very high note,
"Vive le Roi!"

IV.

All Dahomey is singing to-day
"Vive le Roi!"
Twice ten hundred of enemies fat
Have poured their blood in the monarch's vat,
Twice ten hundred of gallons of blood;
And where it is sprung
King BADAHUNG
Is floating around in the terrible tide,
Hearing his subjects on every side
Sing *"Vive le Roi!"*

V.

I wonder if people somewhere else
Sing *"Vive le Roi!"*
I wonder if somewhere far away,
There are people singing day after day
For fear their blood shall be drawn away,
"Vive le Roi!"
I wonder, I wonder, I wonder—but No!
It never will do to wonder so
In the present state of the public mind;
But I think that I could readily find,
Without going very far away,
The reason why, this beautiful day,
Out in Dahomey the natives pray
For a long-lived King—and why they say
"Oh! if the workers in cotton and rice,
Sugar, tobacco, and other things nice,
Would only raise the black man's price,
We never would need again to sing
To save our blood from a a new made king
"Vive le Roi!"

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